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MENDELSSOHN'S MANY PURSUITS.

BY GEORGE GROVE.

(Continued from page 30.)

Add to those just mentioned, the many concerts, to be arranged, rehearsed, conducted; the frequent negotiations attending on Berlin; the long official protocols; the hospitality and genial intercourse, where he was equally excellent as host or as guest; the claims of his family; the long holidays, real holidays, spent in travelling, and not, like Beethoven's, devoted to composition—and we may almost be pardoned for wondering how he can have found time to write any music at all. But on the contrary, with him all this business does not appear to have militated against composition in the slightest degree. It often drove him almost to distraction; it probably shortened his life; but it never seems to have prevented his doing whatever music came before him, either spontaneously or at the call of his two posts at Berlin and Dresden. He composed *Antigone* in a fortnight, he resisted writing the music to *Ruy Blas*, he grumbled over the long chorale for the thousandth anniversary of the German Empire, and over the overture to *Athalie*, in the midst of his London pleasures; but still he did them, and in the cases of *Antigone* and the two overtures it is difficult to see how he could have done them better. He was never driven into a corner.

The power by which he got through all this labor, so much of it self-imposed, was the power of order and concentration, the practical business habit of doing one thing at a time, and doing it well. This no doubt was the talent which his father recognized in him so strongly as to make him doubt whether business was not his real vocation. It was this which made him sympathize with Schiller in his power of "supplying" great tragedies as they were wanted. In one way, his will was weak, for he always found it hard to say No; but having accepted the task it became a duty, and towards duty his will was the iron will of a man of business. Such a gift is vouchsafed to very few artists. Handel possessed it in some degree; but with that one exception Mendelssohn seems to stand alone.

Of his method of composing, little or nothing is known. He appears to have made few sketches, and to have arranged his music in his head at first, much as Mozart did. Probably this arose from his early training under Zelter, for the volumes for 1821–2–3, of the

MS. series now in the Berlin Library appear to contain his first drafts, and rarely show any corrections, and what there are, are not so much sketches, as erasures, and substitutions. Devrient and Schubring tell of their having seen him composing a score bar by bar from top to bottom; but this was probably only an experiment or *tour de force*.

Alterations in a work after it was completed are quite another thing, and in these he was lavish. He complains of his not discovering the necessity for them till *post festum*. We have seen instances of this in the *Walpurgisnight*, *St. Paul*, the *Lobgesang*, *Elijah*, and some of the Concert-overtures. Another instance is the *Italian Symphony*, which he retained in MS. for fourteen years, till his death, with the intention of altering and improving the Finale. Another, equally to the point, is the D minor Trio, of which there are two editions in actual circulation, containing several important and extensive differences. This is carrying fastidiousness even further than Beethoven, whose alterations were endless, but ceased with publication. The autographs of many of Mendelssohn's pieces are dated years before they were printed, and in most, if not all, cases, they received material alterations before being issued.

Of his pianoforte playing in his earlier days we have already spoken. What it was in his great time, at such displays as his performances in London at the Philharmonic in 1842, '44, and '47; at Ernst's Concert in 1844, in the Bach Concerto with Moscheles and Thalberg; at the British Musicians' matinée in 1844; and the British Quartet Society in 1847; at the Leipzig Concerts on the occasion already mentioned in 1836; at Miss Lind's Concert, Dec. 5, 1845, or at many a private reunion at V. Novello's or the Horsleys', or the Moscheles' in London, or the houses of his favorite friends in Leipzig, Berlin, or Frankfort—there are still many remaining well able to judge, and in whose minds the impression survives as clear as ever. Of the various recollections with which I have been favored, I cannot do better than give entire those of Madame Schumann, and Dr. Hiller. In reading them it should be remembered that Mendelssohn was fond of speaking of himself as a player *en gros*, who did not claim (however great his right) to be a virtuoso, and that there are instances of his having refused to play to great virtuosi.

1. "My recollections of Mendelssohn's playing," says Madame Schumann, "are among the most delightful things in my artistic life. It was to me a shining ideal, full of genius and life, united with technical perfection. He would sometimes take the *tempi* very quick, but never to the prejudice of the music. It never occurred to me to compare him with virtuosi. Of mere effects of performance he knew nothing—he was always the great musician, and in hearing him one forgot the player, and only revelled in the full enjoyment of the music. He could carry one with him in the most incredible manner, and his playing was always stamped with beauty and nobility. In his early days he had acquired perfection of technique; but latterly, as he often told

me, he hardly ever practised, and yet he surpassed every one. I have heard him in Bach, and Beethoven, and in his own compositions, and shall never forget the impression he made upon me."

2. "Mendelssohn's playing," says Dr. Hiller, "was to him what flying is to a bird. No one wonders why a lark flies, it is inconceivable without that power. In the same way Mendelssohn played the piano because it was his nature. He possessed great skill, certainly, power, and rapidity of execution, a lovely full tone—all in fact that a virtuoso could desire; but these qualities were forgotten while he was playing, and one almost overlooked even those more spiritual gifts which we call fire, invention, soul, apprehension, etc. When he sat down to the instrument music streamed from him with all the fullness of his inborn genius,—he was a centaur, and his horse was the piano. What he played, how he played it, and that he was the player—all were equally rivetting, and it was impossible to separate the execution, the music, and the executant. This was absolutely the case in his improvisations, so poetical, artistic, and finished; and almost as much so in his execution of the music of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, or himself. Into those three masters he had grown, and they had become his spiritual property. The music of other composers he knew, but could not produce it as he did theirs. I do not think, for instance, that his execution of Chopin was at all to be compared to his execution of the masters just mentioned; he did not care particularly for it, though when alone he played everything good with interest. In playing at sight his skill and rapidity of comprehension were astonishing, and that not with P. F. music only, but with the most complicated compositions. He never practised, though he once told me that in his Leipzig time he had played a shake (I think with the second and third fingers) several minutes every day for some months, till he was perfect in it."

"His staccato," says Mr. Joachim, "was the most extraordinary thing possible for life and crispness. In the *Frühlingslied* (Songs without Words, Bk. v, No. 6) for instance, it was quite electric, and though I have heard that song played by many of the greatest players, I never experienced the same effect. His playing was extraordinarily full of fire, which could hardly be controlled, and yet was controlled, and combined with the greatest delicacy." "Though lightness of touch, and a delicious liquid pearliness of tone," says another of his pupils, "were prominent characteristics, yet his power in *fortes* was immense. In the passage in his G-minor Concerto where the whole orchestra makes a *crescendo* the climax of which is a 6–4 chord on D, played by the P. E. alone, it seemed as if the band had quite enough to do to work up to the chord he played." As an instance of the fullness of his tone, the same gentleman mentions the 5 bars of *piano* which begin Beethoven's G-major Concerto, and which, though he played them perfectly softly, filled the whole room.

"His mechanism," says another of his

Leipzig pupils, "was extremely subtle, and developed with the lightest of wrists (never from the arm); he therefore never strained the instrument or hammered. His chord-playing was beautiful, and based on a special theory of his own. His use of the pedal was very sparing, clearly defined, and therefore effective; his prasing beautifully clear. The performances in which I derived the most lasting impressions from him were the 32 Variations and last Sonata (op. 111) of Beethoven, in which latter the Variations of the final movement came out more clearly in their structure and beauty than I have ever heard before or since." Of his playing of the 32 Variations, Professor Macfarren remarks that "to each one, or each pair, where they go in pairs, he gave a character different from all the others. In playing at sight from a MS. score he characterized every incident by the peculiar tone by which he represented the instrument for which it was written." In describing his playing of the 9th Symphony, Mr. Schleinitz testified to the same singular power of representing the different instruments. A still stronger testimony is that of Berlioz, who, speaking of the *color* of the *Herbides* Overture, says that Mendelssohn "succeeded in giving him an accurate idea of it, such is his extraordinary power of rendering the most complicated scores on the Piano."

His adherence to his author's meaning, and to the indications given in the music, was absolute. Strict time was one of his hobbies. He alludes to it, with an eye to the sins of Hiller and Chopin, in a letter of May 23, 1834, and somewhere else speaks of "nice strict tempo," as something peculiarly pleasant. After introducing some *ritardandos* in conducting the introduction to Beethoven's second symphony, he excused himself by saying that "one could not always be good," and that he had felt the inclination too strongly to resist it. In playing, however, he never himself interpolated a *ritardando*, or suffered it in any one else. It especially enraged him when done at the end of a song or other piece. "Es steht nicht da!" he would say; "if it were intended it would be written in—they think it expression, but it is sheer affectation." But though in playing he never varied the *tempo* when once taken, he did not always take a movement at the same pace, but changed it as his mood was at the time. We have seen in the case of Bach's A-minor Fugue, that he could on occasion introduce an individual reading; and his treatment of the arpeggios in the *Chromatic Fantasia* shows that, there at least, he allowed himself great latitude. Still, in imitating this it should be remembered how thoroughly he knew these great masters, and how perfect his sympathy with them was. In conducting, as we have just seen, he was more elastic, though even there his variations would now be condemned as moderate by some conductors. Before he conducted at the Philharmonic it had been the tradition in the Coda of the Overture to *Egmont* to return to a *piano* after the *crescendo*; but this he would not suffer, and maintained the *fortissimo* to the end—a practice now always followed.

(Conclusion in next number.)

"LA DAMNATION DE FAUST."

(From The Musical Review, Jan. 29.)

When Berlioz was induced by Liszt (to whom he dedicated *La Damnation*) to read for the first time the French translation of Goethe's *Faust*, by Gérard de Nerval, he was profoundly impressed. "The marvellous work fascinated me. I could not put it down. I read it everywhere, at table, at the theatre, in the streets." Under its influence Berlioz wrote, and had printed at his own expense, his work, *Eight scenes from Faust*, the principal ideas of which were developed and retouched in *La Damnation*. Dissatisfied with this first work, he caused the plates and copies to be destroyed. It was during a journey in Austria, Hungary, Bohemia and Russia, that he began the composition of his *Legend of Faust*. He had long been considering it, and found that he must decide upon writing most of the libretto himself. The few fragments of a French translation of Goethe's *Faust* which he had put to music twenty years before, and which he wished to introduce into the new score, would not form a sixth part of the whole work. It is most interesting to gather from his "Mémoires" something concerning the rise and growth of this great conception and the circumstances under which it took form. He says:

"As I rolled along in the old post-chaise, I tried to make the verses, without translating or even imitating the great masterpiece, but endeavoring so to inspire myself with it as to extract its musical substance. I began by *Faust's Invocation to Nature* and, once started, I made the verse accordingly, as the musical ideas presented themselves. I composed the score with unusual facility and wrote it when and where I could. In the carriage, on the trains and boats, and even in the cities, in spite of my labors in giving concerts. In a little inn on the borders of Bavaria, I wrote the Introduction, *Old Winter yields to Spring*. At Vienna, I wrote the *Scenes on the banks of the Elbe*; the air of *Mephistopheles*, '*Voici des Roses*,' and the *Ballet of the Sylphs*. The March on the Hungarian *Rakoczy* theme, written in one night at Vienna, produced so extraordinary a sensation at Pesth, that I introduced it into my *Faust* score, taking the liberty of putting my hero in Hungary at the beginning of the action and making him witness the passage of a Hungarian troop across the plain where he is wandering in reverie. In Pesth, I lost my way and wrote, by the gaslight in a shop window, the chorus refrain of the *Peasant's Rondo*. In Prague, I arose at midnight, trembling lest I should forget the song, and wrote the *Chorus of Angels* in the apotheosis of *Marguerite*. At Breslau, I wrote the words and music of the Latin song of the students. On my return to France, being at a country seat near Rouen, I composed the trio, *Ange adoré*. The rest was written in Paris, at home, at the café, in the garden of the Tuileries, and even on a bench of the Boulevard du Temple. The ideas came to me in most unforeseen order. The score sketched out, I worked over the whole, polished and united the parts with all the patience and intensity of which I am capable, and finished the instrumentation which I had only indicated here and there. I consider this work one of my best, and the public, so far, agree with me." Berlioz here refers, not to the French, but to the German public. Later on he exclaims: "It was nothing to have composed *La Damnation de Faust*; the labor consisted in having it performed."

At last, after many efforts, he succeeded in gathering together sufficient material to produce a work which he hoped would contribute greatly to his celebrity. Accordingly, on Sunday, December 6, 1846, at a day concert at the Opéra Comique, in Paris, Berlioz conducted the first

performance of his Dramatic Legend, *La Damnation de Faust*. The weather was snowy and stormy; and the room half filled. This work, from the hand of a young composer who fearlessly courted opposition, was the realization of ardent musical theories. It was a brilliant stroke, but far from being a success. The public, accustomed to ridiculing this artist with his "pretended" music, was only too happy to pronounce upon so important a work, without a candid hearing,—turning a deaf ear to its great beauties and listening only to its "eccentricities," the better to cry: "Heresy!" Berlioz had expended much money upon this performance and was profoundly wounded by the indifference his work encountered. "The discovery," he says, "was cruel, but useful. Never since has it happened to me to venture twenty francs on the chance of the Parisian public's caring for my music." Soon afterwards, in Berlin, whither Berlioz had been summoned by the King of Prussia, he again produced the *Faust* and received from the King distinguishing marks of favor and appreciation. This admirable work awakened, indeed, the enthusiasm of all Germany. After a splendid concert in Dresden, for instance, at which his legend, *La Damnation de Faust*, had been given, Lipinski introduced him to a musician, who, he said, wished to compliment him, but who did not speak French. So, as Berlioz did not speak German, Lipinski offered to act as interpreter. When the artist stepped forward, he took Berlioz by the hand, stammered out a few words and burst into sobs which he could no longer control.

The *Faust* of Berlioz can not be taken as an exact paraphrase of the poem of Goethe. But, if the author makes undesirable omission of some important scenes, such as in the prison and in the church, and if he deprives himself of the character of Valentine with its admirable episodes, he treats certain situations neglected by earlier (and by later) composers, and has known how to compose a poem with two essential qualities, *color* and *life*. Berlioz carefully justifies his free use of the original poem in these words: "The title of my work sufficiently indicates that it is not based upon the principal idea of Goethe's *Faust*, for in the illustrious poem *Faust* is saved." Berlioz has borrowed from Goethe only a certain number of scenes which entered into his plan and which seem to have attracted him irresistibly. The very fact that he should have substituted *Faust's* descent to hell for that portion of the German work in which the hero is saved, shows a characteristic phase of his genius. Berlioz, not unlike Edgar Allen Poe, took a peculiar delight in the horrible; and he could not possibly resist so favorable an opportunity to send a man to the devil, with all the accompanying terrors.

The score of *La Damnation de Faust* is divided into four parts, containing nineteen scenes and an epilogue. The scene opens without an overture. Faust is wandering amid the plains of Hungary, singing a monologue to the awakening spring, accompanied by a soft murmur in the orchestra. Then follows a lovely symphonic picture. A thousand pastoral sounds mingle, until the fresh, joyous *Rondo de Paysan* bursts forth. It is important to note in these passages the fragments of the march, introduced later, for horn and piccolo in condensed rhythm and suggesting the approach of the Hungarian soldiers. The *Rondo* is cleverly orchestrated, so as to preserve the pastoral tone throughout. Flutes and oboes in unison have the melody, which is accompanied almost entirely by the clarinet, bassoons and horns, and only occasionally by the reluctant strings.

This gayety calls from the unhappy Faust a regretful sigh, breathed forth in a musical phrase

of deep melancholy. Then passes a troop, with its martial sounds. This is the popular *Rakoczy March*. Berlioz here developed the theme of the Hungarian National Hymn wonderfully, and then arranged it for orchestra, and it is to his brilliant scoring that the march owes its universal popularity. While he himself considers its introduction here a caprice, it is of deeper poetic import. For it enables Berlioz to present in the first part two powerful contrasts: Faust's melancholy and the peasants' mirth; Faust's renewed gloom and the boisterous joy of the Hungarian soldiers.

The second part begins—Faust is in his laboratory eager for knowledge, weary of life. As he raises the poisoned death-cup to his lips, comes the sound of Easter music. This scene, taken textually from Goethe's poem, is of great beauty. The *désillusion* and the ardor of Faust are painted with a masterhand. The Easter hymn, after a short introduction for sopranos and altos accompanied by double basses, is sung by male voices only, with a sparsely scored accompaniment. The apparition of the demon is treated in a few highly colored measures, and the concise motive with which Mephistopheles is introduced, and which occurs several times later on, is the earliest example of a leading motive in an operatorio. The demon transports his lord and master to the tavern of Auerbach. Here Berlioz has given a literal rendering of the original scene and words. The drinking chorus has an irresistible "entrain." Then Brander, heavy and vinous, as suits his listeners, sings the stanzas of the *Song of the Rat*. Hardly has the crowd pronounced its lamentable *Requiescat*, when begins a "dishevelled" fugue on the word *Amen*. This is a musical jest on the part of the composer, who was glad thus to turn the tables upon his detractors, the ardent defenders and compilers of pseudo-classical fugues. For Berlioz himself by no means underrated the power of the artistic fugue, and has introduced several fugatos into *La Damnation de Faust*. The fugue ended, the devil flings at the gaping crowd his bizarre *Song of the Flea*. This is one of the most interesting parts of the work. For Berlioz has described, by means of clever forms in the accompaniment, the skipping of the flea in various directions. Further on occurs what might be described as a skipping climax; and that part of the song which mentions the stinging flea is accompanied by a quick thrust on the kettle-drum. It is interesting to note the fact that even Beethoven, not disdaining programme-music, has composed music to the same text with an equally descriptive accompaniment, ending with a rapid passage whose notes are all, with Beethoven's characteristic humor, marked to be run down with the thumb. To accomplish this, the tip of the thumb closes on the third finger tip—an exceedingly suggestive position under the circumstances.

Under the title, *Bosquets et Prairies au bord de l'Elbe*, Berlioz has transcribed the end of the third scene and composed a marvel of graceful, fairy-like inspiration. The demon murmurs into the ear of Faust a softly penetrating melody. The *Chorus of the Gnomes* and the *Ballet of the Sylphs* defy all word-description. The slumber-chorus in this scene is perhaps the most difficult number of the work. The rhythm of the soft melody taken by the soprano is exceedingly catching. It begins with a part for chorus and orchestra in 3-4 time (*Andante*) then the chorus sings it 6-8 time (*Allegro*), while the strings continue in the old tempo, so that three of the bars of the chorus correspond to one bar of the strings.¹ In the following ballet of the sylphs

¹ The rest of the orchestra continues all through in the same tempo with the chorus.

the melody is that of the slumber song, built on the organ-point, D, which the basses sound throughout the entire movement. Afterwards it is combined with the students' and soldiers' chorus. The close connection between these parts and, indeed, the intimate poetic relation existing between all the numbers of this work, show how necessary to its unity a complete performance is, and how ill advised it is to present only fragments of it to the public. Faust perceives, amid his dreams, the fair image of Marguerite and the demon hurries him away through the groups of soldiers and students, who are singing of war and of love.

The night falls; drums and clarions sound the "retreat." Faust penetrates into the young girl's chamber. Marguerite enters, disturbed and troubled. She sings, to distract her thoughts, an ancient ballad of archaic form, of which the last words die like a soft kiss upon her lips.

Here reappears the poem of Berlioz. All the end of this part, excepting the serenade and the dialogue of the lovers, is his invention. At a sign of the demon, the *Follets* (will o' the wisps) come flying to Marguerite's door—(this charming minuet is a worthy pendant of the ballet of the sylphs) and Mephistopheles warbles, with his scoffing voice, an enchanting serenade. At the end of the *Evocation des Follets*, which is superbly orchestrated, occurs a *Presto*, whose melody is new and which eventually develops into the serenade of Mephistopheles—as though he had imbued the *follets* with his spirit. In the accompaniment of the serenade, Berlioz has reproduced the peculiar effect of the mandolin by pizzicato *crescendos* for violas and second violins. Faust and Marguerite are alone, intoxicated with the song, and Faust breathes forth his love in a phrase of deepest passion. Their voices unite; they soar together. The demon enters—"Fly!" he cries, "The mother—the friends are at hand!" And the final trio and chorus close in a superb sweep of passion and Satanic joy. The danger presses, the tumult increases, and the demon drags Faust away, leaving the defenceless, unhappy Marguerite. In this end of the third part, the composer's inspiration, untrammelled by an impossible theatrical representation, has produced a picture above praise, taking rank with the noblest examples of dramatic music.

At the opening of the fourth part, Marguerite is in her chamber, weeping, despairing, hoping. She seats herself at her spinning-wheel and murmurs a melody full of anguish. As Marguerite's passion awakens at the thought of her lordly love, a plaintive echo of this first love passes over the orchestra, and she flies to the window. In the distance is heard the song of the students, the last echo of the "retreat." Night falls. Everything recalls to the unhappy child the remembrance of the one evening without a morrow. "He comes not!" she cries, and falls, half dead, with remorse and anguish. In the following number, *Forests and Caverns*, the musician has been inspired by the fine *Invocation to Nature*, which is in the corresponding scene of Goethe's poem.

The orchestral and vocal composition translates marvellously this burning cry, this ardent aspiration after infinite happiness. But the demon appears, recounting in darkly colored harmonies the remorse of the loved one, her crime, her imprisonment, her approaching death. It will be remembered that nothing has been said as yet of a compact between Faust and Mephistopheles. With delicate poetic feeling Berlioz has allowed Mephistopheles to appear only as the jolly companion, not as the tempting demon. But now, after playing upon Faust's sympathies for the unhappy girl until he is seized with terrible anguish and remorse, he throws off the mask;

and Faust willing to sacrifice all, even eternal happiness, for his love, seals the compact. It is then Mephistopheles calls for the black steeds of hell. "To me, Vortex, Giaour!" he cries, and, mounted on them, the devil and Faust rush into space. It is a flight to the abyss. Here Berlioz gives free rein to the boldest imaginings. The unbridled race of the coursers of hell, the incantations of witches, wild exclamations of Faust, the sneers of the devil—all are depicted in a frightful unloosing of orchestral masses.

Berlioz ends the legend with two strange compositions of rare energy, and sharply contrasted:—*Pandemonium*: it is hell with a sinister gnashing, with its devouring joys; it is the triumph of the demon, clutching his prey in his talons. *Heaven*: it is pure, ineffable bliss; it is the apparition of the unhappy sinner; it is the divine, angelic concert, calling to the abode of the blessed, the repentant, purified Marguerite.

Special mention should be made of the skilful treatment of the bass voices in the *Apotheosis*. They are reserved until the very last, when they are introduced to swell the climax with wonderful effect.

La Damnation de Faust is a work of great worth. Berlioz has been helped in his perilous attempt by the richest imagination, fired by the grandeur and the ideal beauty of his model. Even when he departs from the original text and, by combining several episodes, produces an entirely different situation, such as the love-scene interrupted by the arrival of the demon, the musician is still sustained by the poet, and his inspirations pour richly, grandly forth. It is a work worthy to be placed forever side by side with the original drama.

THE VIOLIN FAIRY.

[Under this title Dr. Hans von Bülow sends the following characteristic and eccentric letter to the Leipzig *Signale*. The translation is from the London *Musical World*.]

The country of optical is not that of acoustic fogs. The subjects of the house of Hanover on the other side of the Channel invariably enjoy during the bad season—if indeed we can speak of such a season as anything exceptional—a musically-blue sky such as the inhabitants of the art-loving Semitic metropolises of the continent can scarcely boast of possessing. True, this paradise is not so full of joys as it is of pianos. Nowhere does the "Pianoforte-Witch," from the green Miss of the Mendelssohn Concerto in G minor to the mature party of Brahms' in D minor, hold more locust-like and fearful sway than in London. Thanks, however, to the great number of concerts, it is not impossible to get out of her way, without directing one's steps to those resorts which Hector Berlioz characterized so appropriately as "*les mauvais lieux de la musique*," namely: the operatic theatres. As a rule, the Pianoforte-Witch is unfortunately hard to avoid in that *Sanctissimum Sanctæ Cecilie*, Arthur Chappell's famous Popular Concerts in St. James's Hall, where on Saturday afternoons and Monday evenings the most precious treasures of classical and likewise of post-classical chamber-music are, as most persons know, revealed to a reverently attentive and enthusiastically grateful gathering of 2,000 listeners (of whom the half, in the gallery and on the platform, pay only a shilling each) and interpreted in a manner far above all praise. With the king of violoncellists, Alfredo Piatti, and the Grand-Dukes of the second violin and tenor, Messrs. Ries and Zerbini, there is regularly associated during the last two months before Easter, the Prince Consort of the Queen of Instruments, on whom, even without any suitable Versailles preparatory ceremonies, we may (as a sequel to the recent lavish distribution of honors)

bestow the title of *Emperor*. Before, however, the illustrious Director of the High School makes his appearance, the first violin is played by some one else, namely his—rival.

"Good Heavens! Has Joachim, then, a rival—can he possibly have one?" is the interrogation which I suddenly hear addressed to me through you, my respected editor.

Well—in Germany, during a quarter of a century I, like others, have never come across anybody who could be violently suspected of rivalry with him. There is scarcely a single one of his "colleagues" who can possibly dream of wearing the crown which the illustrious *ami de Brahms* has won. The great Naussauer, at present in the New World, plating his laurels with dollars, is, apart from his immeasurable artistic inferiority compared with Joachim, among the popular celebrities of the violin a personage endowed with far less individuality than, for instance, the fiery Pole or the fascinating Spaniard, who have found out, and still know, how to win by their "play" the ears and the hearts of the educated and the uneducated mass. In the younger generation, and more especially among his own pupils, in connection with whom nothing in the remotest degree like the good luck of his old master, Ferd. David, has down to the present date smiled on him, there is no one growing up to compete with Joachim for his pedestal. After a little Rode, Viotti, Spohr—or Bruch—Beethoven's two Romances, and, perhaps, Bruch's as well, Tartini's good-natured "Devil's Shake," and possibly half a Chaconne by Bach, have been filtered *over* rather than *into* them, the said scholars are as we know, dismissed at a most defective stage of general musical education with a certificate of maturity. The more they need recommendation, that is, the less they possess to recommend themselves, the warmer are the recommendations, apportioned with true Meyerbeerian generosity, which are stuffed into their coat-pockets. Intendants and chapel-directors, either from an easy way of doing business, or from indifference in matters in art, and not considering it an act of robbery sometimes to buy a pig in a poke, appoint violinists of this kind, who, as regards Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, might go and learn of little Dengremont, as *Concertmeister* for life. This is a curse for chapel-master and orchestra. The former finds an insurmountable drag, where he expected an intelligent adjutant; the latter obtain a more or less welcome, but at any rate a most reliable demoralizer.

As I have hinted, however, where Joachim's rival is to be found, it is not necessary for me to add where we must at present seek that personage. The only rival of the Unrivalled One lives in England; that rival is a lady; and the name of that lady is

WILMA NORMAN-NERUDA.

I have christened her the Violin Fairy, and I should have thus characterized her, even though her anti-type, the Pianoforte-Witch, had not floated before my mind.

A man may be highly respected and a great favorite with the Shah of Persia, and yet King Cetewayo (speaking figuratively: where, by the way, does that sovereign not possess cousins?) may not have heard of the great pet of Teheran. I am prepared, when giving the earthly name of the Violin Fairy, to encounter numerous looks of astonishment. Persons thoroughly up in the chronicles of music will recollect the sensation created some twenty years ago by a travelling child-wonder, called Neruda, whom they subsequently forgot in company with others that have vanished, doing so, probably, in the belief, so often corroborated by facts, that wonderful children tread themselves down—as they do the

shoes they wore at the wonderful period of their life. It is quite possible that Dengremont, the wonderful boy, may not turn out a wonderful youth, nor the wonderful youth, Sarasate, a wonderful man; there is, however, one thing which I can assert with unqualified certainty: the wonderful girl, Wilma Neruda, has become a wonderful woman, reigning in England as Sovereign of the Violin, by the grace of Apollo, and with approbation of all who understand and all who love music.

To the writer of these lines, who had the honor and the happiness of playing with her four times last month, the Violin Fairy has done so much mental good, that he must be on his guard not to fall into too suspiciously enthusiastic a tone. As you are aware, respected Sir and Editor, he had for some time been knocking about in not very musically-aristocratic society, in the "*mauvais lieux de la musique*," to quote Hector Berlioz once again. Not so much tired of, as *disgusted* with, music—because I had been compelled to gulp down so much that was un-music—I went to London, partly to play back into English coin my lost salary as a Prussian Chapel-master, and partly in the hope of seeing disagreeable impressions washed out by others more joyful and more pleasant. Thanks to the fair enchantress, this hope was fulfilled far more speedily and far more amply than I had ever dreamt it would be. During previous visits of mine to England the lady had filled me with the warmest sympathy and admiration—if I recollect aright, one of my ill-famed Letters of Travel in last year's series of the *Signale* bears witness to this—but never had her playing overpowered me with such electric force. "If I am not wrong," I said inquiringly of my highly respected colleague, Mr. Charles Hallé, "she really plays more finely than she did?" "No, you are not wrong," was the reply; "she really plays more finely not only every year, but every time she appears." Where is this to end?

To praise Mad. Neruda's technical skill would be as absurd as materialistic. Who talks about Joachim's mechanism? The mind, the soul, the life, the warmth, the nobleness, the style, the exquisite bloom of ideal individuality developed out of the closest identification with the work of art, and the most affectionate blending of self with the latter, the glorious resurrection of the subject as reward for devotion to the object—these are the things in which the secret of the enchantress's power over the hearts of those who hear her is to be sought. In these she is great and pure like Joachim; in these she is, like him, *unique*. This is the reason why we must allow her to possess what is more than "*talent hors ligne*," namely: *genius*, that is: *talent raised to the highest power*. And what variety, too! With regard to this particular, however, we will postpone the comparison with Joachim till the time, not, let us hope, too far distant, when Mad. Neruda, ceasing to be for us merely a legendary personage, will no longer disdain to reveal in Germany her "name and quality."

I have just now employed the word "genius," and ought to justify myself in the eyes of those who reserve it for *creative* efforts, properly so termed. But the feminine of the notion strikes me as admissible; it strikes me that we may speak of *receptive* genius, whenever the latter rises and develops into reproduction. Let us give unto the ladies the things that are the ladies'; this is, it is true, sometimes less than they demand, but, thank Heaven, the reasonable and not the outrageous ones still constitute the majority among the "*potenzierte Kinder*" (as Goethe calls them). We may allow that the fair sex possesses *reproductive* genius, just as we unconditionally deny they possess *productive* genius. The rare exceptions in French and English literature, Georges Sand

and Elliot, cannot constitute a precedent in music, such a precedent having hitherto not had absolutely a single pretext for its justification. There will never be a *compositress*, there can be only, at most, a *copyist* spoilt. My excellent fellow-pianist, Herr Alfred Jaell, must not be offended if, in conclusion, I describe, as bearing on this theme, my meeting him (some years since), because my account of the event has, like many other utterances of mine, which have undeservedly become winged, suffered all kinds of oral distortions.

Herr Jaell honored me one day with a visit. As active in his fingers as, on account of a corpulent habit, he is heavy on the pedals, he was so out of breath when he came in that I laid the blame of his distressed condition on the heavy parcel of music (manuscripts of his wife's) with which he was loaded, rather than upon the third floor, where I lived. He entreated me most touchingly to devote my eyes and mind to the said compositions. This was my answer:

"The tidings I hear, but faith is wanting. I do not believe in the feminine of the notion: *Creator*. Furthermore, everything with a flavor of woman's emancipation about it is utterly hateful to me. I consider ladies who *compose* far more objectionable than those who would like to be elected *deputies*. The last is, to a certain degree, already a usual thing, since, for instance, Herr Lasker, and others like him, can be classed only as old women fond of wrangling. Let me remain, therefore, for a time, unblest with the hallucinations of your better half. In return, I promise most solemnly that, on the *lendemain* of the day that you announce your (own) happy accouchement of a healthy baby, I will make the first serious attempt at converting myself to a belief in the vocation of the female sex for musical productivity. Till then, farewell!"

HANS VON BULOW.

BAYREUTH, 15 Feb., 1880.

A LADY FLAUTIST.

VIENNA, Feb. 24.—At length we have a variety in the grand concert market; Signora Bianchini, a *virtuosa* on the flute! "*Sie ist die Erste nicht*" ("She is not the first"), says Mephisto. In the year 1827, a Mme. Rousseau, and between 1830 and 1840, a Mdle. Lorenzino Meyer, played the flute in public here. Since then the strange phenomenon was not repeated; nay, even male flute-players have become very scarce. How and when an instrument achieves popularity in the concert-room, becomes fashionable, and then goes out of fashion, is one of the most interesting things in musical history. "Travelling virtuosos" upon a wind instrument are now extremely uncommon; at the close of the last, and at the commencement of the present century, they held their own equally with other concert-givers. To-day the piano has seized not only on the supremacy, but nearly on exclusive sway, and driven the other instruments, save the violin and also the violoncello, out of the concert-room into the orchestra. Formerly the flute was such a favorite with amateurs and concert-givers, that composers could not write enough for it, and we read in Werden's *Musikalisches Taschenbuch* for 1803: "For all instruments capable of beautiful expression there are concertos in large numbers, but more for the flute than for any other." Beethoven wrote spontaneously, in 1801, to the Leipzig publisher, Hoffmeister, that he should like to arrange his Septet for the flute: "This would be rendering a service to lovers of that instrument, who would swarm around and feed upon the work." How quickly have the tables been turned! Between 1840-50, we had in Vienna only two non-local virtuosos on the flute who performed with

anything like success: Briccialdi and Heindl. Since then, that is for more than thirty years, concertos upon wind instruments have been dying out. In the ten years from 1855 to 1865, there were no non-local and only two local flautists, the brothers Doppler, as concert-givers here in Vienna. The above incomparable pair succeeded by their splendid concerted play in curing many a person of his antipathy for their instrument, and in permanently fascinating the public. They triumphantly put to shame the old joke: "What is a greater bore than a flute?"—Answer: Two flutes," and awoke, on the contrary, a conviction that two were more entertaining than one. At first people could only feel pleased that an end was put to their being flooded with concertos for the flute, the oboe, the bassoon, and the clarinet, because the place for these instruments, which require to be supplemented, as they themselves supplement others, is the orchestra, and because they possessed no literature of their own. The fearful manner in which the piano—an independent instrument, it is true, but more obtrusive than any other concert instrument—has taken the upper hand, causes us now to entertain far more friendly feelings towards the dethroned wind-instrumentalists, and would, for example, find us perfectly willing to hear one of the best of C. M. von Weber's clarinet concertos performed by a first-rate virtuoso. With regard to our fair Venetian flautist, Maria Bianchini, her performance on her difficult instrument was well worthy commendation. Her *embouchure* is good; she has a long breath, and as powerful a tone as can justly be expected in a lady. The superior qualities of the "Böhm flute," which is easier to play and less fatiguing to the lungs, rendered her in these particulars good service. In her execution of the cantilena, she displayed much good taste, while in run-work she was rapid, certain, and elegant. She was especially successful in a Fantasia by Franz Doppler, the pleasing effect of which is enhanced by the exotic charm of national Wal-lachian melodies. The unusual sight of a lady playing such an instrument did not strike people as so strange as we thought it would; Signora Bianchini, who has a tall figure and whose demeanor is characterized by sympathetic, unaffected simplicity, avoids the ugly contortions of the lips and short-breathed blowing which may so easily jeopardize the æsthetic effect of flute-playing. Managed as it was on the occasion in question, the flute is decidedly not an unfeminine instrument. Signora Bianchini was liberally applauded and her concert well attended. Mdle. Marie Keil, a clever vocalist, and Mdle. Josephine Ziffer, an interesting young pianist, received some very friendly encouragement. But much more boisterous was the applause bestowed on the singing of a barytone of elegant appearance, with a strong and agreeable voice. We feel indescribably comforted at not being compelled to say anything unfavorable of him, because, as we are informed, he is not a professional singer, but an assistant at one of the first chemists in Vienna. The mere fact that, in the exercise of his calling, he might be irritated and disturbed by an adverse newspaper criticism, makes us shudder.—*Neue Freie Presse.*

EDUARD HANSLICK.

GLASGOW.—The Orchestral Subscription Concerts have presented the following works this winter:

"First concert—Weber's Overture to *Oberton*: Schubert's (unfinished) Symphony in B minor; Mendelssohn's Concerto for violin and orchestra (Signor Sarasate); Berlioz' Overture to *Benvenuto Cellini*: and selections from Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*. Second concert—Bach's Concerto in G for strings; Beethoven's Symphony, No. 3, "Eroica"; Bennett's Overture, to *Paradise and Peri* and Gounod's ballet airs from *Polyeote*. Third concert—Gluck's Over-

ture to *Iphignia in Aulis*, with concert-coda by Wagner; Haydn's Symphony in G, "Oxford"; Schumann's Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra (Miss Helen Hopekirk, a hopeful aspirant); and Beethoven's Overture, *Leonore*, No. 3. Fourth concert—Mendelssohn's Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (exquisitely played); Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll"; A. C. Mackenzie's "Rhapsodie Ecossaise" (a marvellously fine work, and in it for the first time our national airs have been treated in classic fashion); and Beethoven's Symphony, No. 5, in C minor. Fifth concert—Handel's Oboe Concerto, No. 2, in B flat; Mendelssohn's *Scherzo* from the Octet (adapted for the full orchestra by the composer); Goetz' Symphony in F; Sullivan's Incidental Music to *Henry VIII.*; and Wagner's Overture to *Tannhäuser*. Sixth concert—*Allegro* from Beethoven's unfinished Violin Concerto (Herr Franke); Beethoven's Symphony, No. 7, in A; and Verdi's Prelude to *Aida*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1880.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

EASTER ORATORIO.—The Handel and Haydn Society gave Handel's colossal chorus Oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, as the third and last of the subscription series, on Sunday evening, March 28. The Music Hall was crowded. The great work was produced on a grand scale, with the chorus ranks full; an excellent orchestra of sixty musicians (Mr. Listemann at their head), fine organ accompaniment by Mr. B. J. Lang, and on the whole a very satisfactory array of solo singers. Most of the choral work was admirably done, but there were instances of uncertainty, unsteadiness, and lack of perfect tune; it was not zeal in the singers that was wanting, nor skill and tact on the part of the conductor, Mr. Carl Zerrahn; it was simply that the overcrowded season did not allow of so many rehearsals as so difficult and great a work must have in order to go perfectly. In was impossible, however, not to feel the grandeur, and the now graphic, now triumphal power of this whole series of choral illustrations of stupendous scenes in history.

The solos are comparatively few, and by no means the most interesting portion of the work. Those contained in the "Appendix," (the Bass airs: "He layeth the beams," and "Wave from wave," sung by Mr. J. F. Winch and Mr. M. W. Whitney, respectively, with some recitatives) were introduced from other works of Handel by Sir George Smart. They are among the most interesting that were sung; but being taken evidently from Handel's Italian operas, they seemed hardly of the same cloth with the rest of the garment, and one needed but to hear to know that it was patched; excellent music these; but Handel did not treat all occasions and all themes alike. These airs were nobly sung, and so was the great duet of basses: "The Lord is a man of war," by the same two gentlemen, creating such enthusiasm that they had to sing it a second time. It is an artistic mistake, however, ever to repeat that very long, exhaustive, difficult duet. It repeats itself full enough when once sung through; its peculiar charm, too, is one that loses freshness on an immediate second hearing; invariably our mind wanders away from it during the repetition, for it was never made to be a "twice told tale;" and it never goes so well a second time. A conductor ought to be a despot with his audiences (who in Art are children), no less than with his choir and orchestra. The tenor solos could hardly have been given to a more effective singer than Mr. W. C. Power, who has a resonant, robust voice, and has made great improvement in the use of it, we understand, within a year. His style is manly, and full of fervor, and he was obliged to repeat

the air: "The enemy said, I will pursue." Miss Fanny Kellogg, called upon at a day's notice, on account of the sudden hoarseness of Mrs. H. M. Smith, and so soon after her own severe bereavement (of both parents,) kindly undertook a considerable portion of the soprano solos, having never seen or heard the *Israel* before, and sang it in a manner that won warm approval. Mrs. F. P. Whitney sang very satisfactorily the soprano solos of the first part, and with Miss Kellogg the duet: "The Lord is my strength." The alto solos, and the alto part in the duet with tenor: "Thou in thy mercy," were sung by Mrs. Frank Kinsley, of New York. She has a light, pleasing voice, and sang with intelligence and care; but her efforts were somewhat marred by a habit of forcing her lower tones into a somewhat boy-like quality.

Now it is all busy hnm of preparation for the fifth Triennial Festival next month. The programme, so far as yet announced, is as follows:

May 4. Evening, "St. Paul." Mendelssohn.
May 5. Evening, "The Last Judgment." Spohr.
(First time in 66 years.)
"Stabat Mater." Rossini.
May 6. Afternoon, Ninth (Choral) Symphony. Beethoven.
(First time in 6 years.)
43 Psalm, "Judge me, O God!" Mendelssohn.
May 6. Evening, Manzoni Requiem. Verdi.
May 7. Evening, "Spring" and "Summer"
from The "Seasons." Haydn.
The "Deluge." Saint-Saëns.
(First time.)
May 8. Afternoon, —A miscellaneous Concert by the Solo
Singers, Orchestra and Chorus, including "Utrecht
Jubilate" (first time) by Handel, and a chorus by
J. S. Bach.
May 9. Evening, "Solomon." Handel.
(First time in 25 years.)

The following distinguished Vocalists will appear during the Festival:—

Sopranos, Miss Emma C. Thursby, and others to be engaged.
Contraltos, Miss Annie Cary, Miss Emily Winant.
Tenors, Italo Campanini, Charles R. Adams, William H. Fessenden, William Courtney.
Basses, Myron W. Whitney, John F. Winch, Geo. W. Dudley.
Orchestra of seventy performers, including the best Boston orchestral players, under Bernhard Listemann. Chorus of five hundred voices.
B. J. Lang, Organist.
Carl Zerrahn, Conductor of the Festival.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The fifteenth season of Symphony Concerts ended gloriously with the great Schubert Symphony in C—the Symphony of the "heavenly length," as Schumann called it—on Thursday afternoon, March 25. This was the eighth Concert, and notwithstanding that it was "Holy Thursday," and the March east wind of the harshest and most discouraging, the largest audience of the season came to listen and seek inspiration, which in such harmony they surely found. The programme was as follows:—

Overture: "Weihe des Hauses," in C, Op. 124 Beethoven.
Cavatina: "Bel raggio lusinghiero," from "Semiramide,"
Miss Fannie Louise Barnes. Rossini.
Piano-Forte Concerto, in F-sharp minor (first time in America) Hans von Bronsart.
Allegro maestoso.—*Adagio ma non troppo.*—*Allegro con fuoco.* B. J. Lang.
Aria: "O del mio dolce ardor" Gluck.
Miss Fannie Louise Barnes.
Symphony, No. 9, in C Schubert.
Andante; Allegro ma non troppo (C).—*Andante con moto (A minor).*—
Scherzo, Allegro vivace (C, Trio in A).—*Allegro vivace (C).*

Beethoven's Dedication, or Inauguration, Overture (for the opening of a theatre, and the restoration of high Art, in Pesth), with its broad, majestic introduction, with trumpet proclamation, and curious rhapsodical running bassoon accompaniment, and the vigorous Handelian fugue of its brilliant *Allegro*, was well played, and awakened expectation of good things to come. The Concerto by Von Bronsart is full of life and verve in the

first movement, which is laid out on a large plan, teeming with intentions which seem rather unattainable and vague, and somewhat overgrown with the too full and crowded orchestration. Of the pianist it demands any amount of execution, fire and indomitable energy; it has also its sweet and gracious passages; and to all Mr. Lang proved himself quite equal. There is more repose in the short, subdued Adagio, which is modeled somewhat upon those to Beethoven's G-major, and Chopin's Concertos. The Finale is a swift and fiery Tarantella, in which you feel whirled away with irresistible force. It was altogether a splendid interpretation of a work more rewarding than most of the recent ambitious compositions in this form.

Miss Fannie Louise Barnes, the daughter of the well-known ex-President of our Handel and Haydn Society, has been for some time a pupil of Signor Errani, the distinguished vocal teacher in New York. This was her first public effort in a large concert hall with orchestra; and naturally in the Rossini Cavatina she sang a little too over-carefully and conscientiously, to allow full, free sweep to the florid melody; giving the same kind of phrase always in precisely the same way, like a faithful pupil. Nevertheless she made an excellent impression by the interesting tone-color of her fresh, pure, evenly developed voice, by her honest, finished execution, and by her freedom from all affectations and all the common faults of tremolo, of nasal singing, and what not. Her modesty was not a small part of the charm. The Aria by Gluck was beautifully sung, with simple, true expression. Certainly here is a voice and talent of much promise.

Of the great Symphony—an inspired work, if there ever was one—we need only say, since all true music-lovers know and love it well, that the performance by Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra was altogether worthy of the work. Perhaps never before in Boston has a great audience listened to it, from beginning to end, with such enthusiastic interest, such thorough and renewed conviction of the intrinsic and immortal beauty of this greatest work of Schubert. On account of its great length most of the repeats were wisely omitted.

APOLLO CLUB.—The last concert dates so far back (March 9), that our impressions of it in detail have lost their freshness. The programme was miscellaneous, containing things of a high artistic order, and nothing commonplace. The singing seemed to us extremely good,—almost too good, that is to say, too daintily refined for certain things, say "drinking songs," which owe much of their charm to a certain off-hand freedom. Here is the programme in full:—

The Stars in Heaven Rheinberger.
King Witlaf's Drinking Horn Hatton.
Songs:—

a. Thou Hast Left Me Ever, Jamie R. Franz.
b. Spring Song Mendelssohn.
[Sung by Miss Ida W. Hubbell.]

The Tears Witt.
The Three Fishers R. Goldbeck.
[Sung by Mr. Parker, Mr. Want, Mr. Chubbuck and Mr. Babcock.]

The Nun of Nidaros, op. 83 Dudley Buck.
The tenor solo sung by Mr. Want, organ accompaniment played by Mr. J. A. Preston, Jun., piano accompaniment by Mr. Arthur Foote.

Night Greeting Max von Weinzierl, op. 17.
[The tenor solo sung by Mr. Want, the barytone by Dr. Bullard.]

Which is the properest day to drink Dr. Arne, 176.
[Sung by the tenors principally.]

Songs:—
The Lily and the Violet S. P. Warren.
I Love my Love S. P. Warren.
[Sung by Miss Hubbell.]

Thou'rt not the first (Austrian Waltz), Storch.
The Sea King B. T. Lang.
[Sung by Dr. Bullard and Mr. J. F. Winch.]

O World, thou art Wondrous Fair F. Hilles.
[The soprano solo sung by Miss Hubbell.]

Miss Hubbell, the soprano of Grace Church, New York, has a good voice and style, and sang with in-

telligence; to better advantage, however, in Mendelssohn's bright "Spring Song," than in the Burns song set by Franz. Mr. Lang's "Sea King" duet is in the rollicking old English bravura style, with plenty of "go" in it, and made a lively effect as sung by the two basses. Dr. Arne's Shakespearian round is charming in its way. The first and last were perhaps the noblest numbers of the programme, and were admirably sung.

BOYLSTON CLUB.—The third concert (March 17), was distinguished by the employment, for the first time, of an orchestra, and by the production therewith of two of the posthumous choral works of the lamented Goetz, namely his 137th Psalm: "By the Waters of Babylon," (op. 14), and the romantic barcarole, it might be called, were it not so elaborate,—"The Lake is Hushed at Evenglow," for tenor solo and double male chorus (op. 11). These suggested the necessity of an orchestra, having which, the Club made use of it in all the remainder of the programme. As so many of the pieces were of the modern German misty, sentimental, moonlight part-song character, lengthy and elaborate, there seemed to be a need of some relief, such as the Club could easily have furnished by the singing of one or two short things without an orchestra,—say a couple of unaccompanied choruses by female voices only, which would have added a refreshing *divertissement*, and made the larger pieces more appreciated.

The psalm by Goetz needs no description after the excellent one by Mr. Eayrs, which we copied from the programme in our last number. We can only say that the work fulfilled to ear and soul, all that was promised there. It made the impression of a noble, a profound religious work of genius, alike admirable in its vocal construction, and in the rich and graphic orchestration. It was very finely sung, with spirit and understanding; but it should be heard more than once to make its power completely felt.

"The Lake is Hushed" failed to interest us to the same degree. It also has great merits; but, being wedded to one of these vague, misty, moonlight German poems, now-a-days so common, it seemed to us as if the music were vainly clutching at a shadow. Some of the orchestral effects are fine, and not without originality; and the singing was excellent, saving some short-comings in the tenor solos. Part 2 was as follows:—

Sunset Gade.
Mixed chorus and orchestra.

Recitative and Aria, "O Didst Thou Know," from
Acis and Galatea Handel.
Miss Gertrude Franklin,

Night Song in the Wood Schubert.
(Accompanied by horns.)
Boylston Club,

Morning Song Raff.
Mixed Chorus and Orchestra,

Gade's "Sunset" is a sweet, and lovely piece of harmony and color, but too much of the misty moonlight character to come right after the preceding piece. Miss Franklin has good voice and training, and sang Handel's "As When the Dove" quite well, although neither this nor the solo in the Goetz psalm seemed to be of kind of music in which she is most herself. Her forte, as we have since learned, is in the florid kind, like "Rejoice Greatly," or the Jewel Aria in *Faust*.

Schubert's "Night Song," with the four horns, was the triumph of the evening; it is a thoroughly imaginative woodland poem, in many moods, and both voices and accompaniment expressed it to a charm; the encore was irresistible. Raff's "Morning Song" is a rich and splendid composition, but it came too late, in such a programme, to fairly hit the apprehensive sense. It was, on the whole, a noble programme, and the style in which it was executed was most creditable to the Club, and its thoughtful, indefatigable conductor, Mr. George L. Osgood.

PIANO-FORTE MATINEES, &c.—Their name is legion, and the chief contributor in this line has been, and will yet be, Mr. ERNST PERABO. We have already spoken of his first three matinees, given in that hot, close, gloomy, noisy little hall in Bromfield Street, always full of the faithful ones, who

count it joy to listen to his music, even at such sacrifice of physical comfort, and perhaps of health. Since these, he has given four more matinees and one soirée, besides an extra *matinée* yesterday, for the benefit of the artistic violinist, Mr. Gustav Dannreuther, who took part in it.

It is impossible to keep in mind distinct impressions of so many programmes crowded with new works. It is a laudable ambition in Mr. Perabo, which prompts him to try to make his friends acquainted with so many new works and new composers admired and honored by himself, but hitherto sealed books to nearly all of us. But in the execution, or rather say the administration of this pious work, we think his judgment hardly equal to his zeal, his love, and his unquestionable ability as an interpreter. New and important works in music have to be introduced somewhat sparingly, one at a time, and the way to each prepared, if it is to secure the full, intelligent attention and appreciation of an audience. When new Sonatas, Trios, Quartets, and Concertos without orchestra are heaped upon us pell-mell, two or three of them in one programme, besides all the smaller novelties, the total impression is so miscellaneous that one wonders whether he has actually been listening, or only wool-gathering. It is true Mr. Perabo has also played, and played admirably, many familiar standard masterpieces, but unity is wanting. Take, for instance, that *Soirée* of March 8. It opened with the Beethoven Sonata in A flat, op. 26 (the one with the Andante and variations, *Marcia Funebre*, &c.), which surely Mr. Perabo can play as well as anybody, but which, owing no doubt to the nervous strain and exhaustion of getting up the novelties that followed, he did not play well. These were, first the Scherzo and Finale of a Piano Quintet in B flat, op. 30, by Goldmark (second time in Boston); then a String Quartet, No. 1, in E minor, op. 25, by Richter; then the Romanze and Finale *alla Zingara* of Joachim's Hungarian Concerto, played by B. Listemann; finally, an Octet for strings, in C minor, op. 15, by Bargiel,—a clear, well-written early work, with some very interesting movements, but not making its due impression at the end of such a programme, for there had also been three of Perabo's transcriptions from a [Ballad: "Melek am Quell," by Löwe, and two charming songs by Richter. It is true, the concert-giver did not play himself in all of these things, but the inward wear and tear with him must have been all the same as if he did; he played with his nerves, if not with his fingers.

In the sixth *Matinée* we had these selections, all virtually novelties:—

a. Prelude and Fugue in D, op. 35, No. 2. Mendelssohn.
b. Prelude in B minor, op. 35, No. 3 "
c. Fugue, from "Drei Stücke," op. 78. F sharp minor Jos. Rheinberger.
[New.]

Trio No. 1, for Piano, Violin and 'cello, op. 65. A major
Fr. Kiel.

a. Allegro con passione, b. Intermezzo, Allegro scherzando, c. Largo con espressione, d. Vivace.

First time in this country.

a. Moment Musical, op. 94, No. 1, C major, Schubert.

b. Menuetto, from Octet, op. 166. F major "
Arranged for two hands by Ernst Perabo,

Second Grand Trio, for Piano, Violin, and 'Cello
S. Jadassohn.

a. Allegro appassionato, b. Romanze, Andante.

c. Scherzo, d. Finale. Allegro con brio.

First time in this country.

Mr. Perabo's solos were all interesting, fresh, and charmingly interpreted. The Trio by Jadassohn, we can heartily say, was to us positively refreshing by its clearness, its conciseness, its spontaneous geniality of musical feeling and conception. That by Kiel we found rather dry. And here is the seventh programme, March 19:—

a. Prelude in E flat minor, op. 27, No. 4. X. Scharwenka.
[First time in Boston.]

b. Prelude in A flat major, op. 24, No. 21 Rubinstein.
[Second time.]

Trio No. 2, for Piano, Violin, and 'Cello, in G minor, op. 65
Fr. Kiel.

a. Allegro moderato, ma con passione. b. Adagio con molto espressione. c. Rondo. Poco Andante: Allegro con moto.

[First time in this country.]

Trios Moments Musicaux, op. 7 M. Moszkowski.

No. 1. Allegretto, B Major

No. 3. Tranquillo e semplice. F sharp major.
[New.]

Quartet for Piano and Strings, op. 38, E flat major,
Jos. Rheinberger,
 a. Allegro non troppo. b. Adagio. c. Menuetto,
 Adantino, d. Finale, Allegro,
 [Second time in Boston.]

Other programmes have contained, for novelties: a fascinating Prelude and Toccata, in D minor, by V. Lachner; a Quartet for piano and strings, in F, op. 37, by Scharwenka, and more new things in smaller form than we have room to enumerate, by Rubinstein, Rheinberger, Kiel, Mozowski, Jadasohn, and Gernsheim; also of older masters: a Suite in D minor, by Handel; a Sonata in B flat, op. 147, by Schubert; and Beethoven's early Trio (op. 1, No. 3) in C minor, which was a conclusion most delightful, besides many smaller solos. In all the concerto pieces, Mr. Perabo had the valuable assistance of such artists as Messrs. B. and F. Listemann, Allen, H. Suck, H. Heindl, Dannreuther, Fries, and A. Heindl.

Two more Matinées are announced, for April 23 and 30, with Scharwenka's Second Trio, his new Sonata for piano and 'cello, op. 46, and works by Bargiel.

—MR. ARTHUR FOOTE'S very interesting concert, at Mechanics' Hall, March 13, must not be forgotten. He was assisted by Messrs. Gustav Dannreuther, Violin; Henry Heindl, Viola; and Wulf Fries, 'Cello. The programme was a choice one:—

Pianoforte Quartet in G minor, (Op. 25) *Johannes Brahms*
Allegro—Intermezzo—Andante con moto—Rondo alla Zingara?
 Præludium and Romanze from Suite in F (Op. 27) for violin and Piano-forte *Franz Ries.*
 Piano-forte Solos:
 Prelude and Fugue in E major. *Rubinstein*
 Etude on the Duet from "Der Freischütz." *Stephen Heller.*
 Rondo in E flat *Field.*
 Piano-forte Quartet in E flat *Mozart.*
Allegro—Larghetto—Allegretto.

The two Quartets, new and old, made good contrast. That by Brahms is a vigorous work; its themes worked out with his usual skill and fervor, and each movement has its individual charm, especially the Intermezzo and Andante. It was admirably interpreted, and so was the more spontaneous, melodious, and familiar sounding one by Mozart. Mr. Foote's group of solos was selected with fine taste, and we were surprised at the great progress shown both in the finished technique and the clear, decided, and intelligent expression of every one of his performances. In the duet by Ries, a fine selection, Mr. Dannreuther proved himself a sterling violinist, of a sound artistic quality, and with a large tone, and straightforward, unaffected style that recalled to us Joachim. The concert was keenly relished by a large and musically appreciative audience.

Mrs. L. S. FROHOCK, better known as one of the best organists of this city, but who has recently been studying the piano-forte in Germany, gave a Matinée at Wesleyan Hall on Tuesday, March 30. She has always been noted for her devotion to the best kind of music, playing a great deal of Bach upon the organ. The same earnestness enters into her piano-forte readings, only a certain nervousness before an audience seems somewhat to benumb her fingers, and render the performance sometimes lifeless and even clumsy. This was most apparent in the Beethoven Sonata at the beginning of the following programme:

Sonata in G. Op. 31. *Beethoven.*
Allegro vivace—Adagio grazioso—Allegretto
 Carnival, Op. 9 *Schumann*
 Preambule—Pierrot—Harlequin—Valse Noble—
 Eusebius—Florestan—Coquette—Papillons—
 Lettres Dansantes—Charina—Chopin—
 Estrella—Reconnaissance—Pantalon et Colombine—
 Valse Allemande—Paganini—Promenade—Pause—
 Marche des Davidbundler contre les Philistins.
 Andante Spianato Op. 22. *Chopin.*
 Etude in F. Op. 25. "
 Nocturne C minor. Op. 48. "
 Prelude in B. Op. 28. "
 Rondo. *Bach.*
 Ricordanza. *Liszt.*
 Trio in F. Op. 18. *Saint-Saëns.*
Allegro vivace—Andante—Scherzo—Allegro.

But in the following pieces the nervousness wore off, and her rendering of the little Carnival fancies of Schumann, the Chopin selections, and the senti-

mental *Ricordanza* by Liszt, was much more satisfactory; in these she had not so much the air of a victim set up for the sacrifice. In the Trio by Saint-Saëns, a characteristic work, she was ably accompanied by Messrs. B. Listemann and Wulf Fries.

It yet remains to speak of Mr. Lang's extremely interesting concert at Mechanics' Hall, April 1; but as we have not room to say all that should be said of it, and as he will give another on the 22d, we may include them both in one review.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, April 5.—The concert season has been dull during the two weeks since my last letter. The Mapleson Opera Troupe has been winning golden opinions since the opening of the spring season. It is true that the same old operas have been produced, and no attempt has been made to give the public any novelties. Still, perhaps the public wouldn't understand the novelties if it had them, and so it is probably just as well to go on having *Lucia*, *Trovatore*, and all the rest of those time-worn (and mouldy) affairs.

On Tuesday evening, March 30, Messrs. Fischer ('cello) and Max Pinner (piano), gave a most interesting Soirée at Steinway Hall, assisted by Mr. Richard Arnold (violin), by a lady vocalist, and by an accompanist who was simply perfect. I have been attending concerts of all sorts for the last seventeen years, and I have never heard a pianist who accompanied with such exquisite taste, grace, and delicacy: let us thank God for him and let us trust that he may again appear in our concert halls. To return to the Soirée; the programme included the following selections:—
 Sonata (P. F. and 'cello) Op. 18. *Rubinstein*
 3 Etudes. *Chopin*
 Trio, G major. *Raff*

Mr. Fischer renewed the very favorable impression made by him at one of Dr. Damrosch's Symphony concerts and at a Brooklyn Philharmonic concert. His execution is perfection itself, and his delicacy of touch and purity of intonation are marvellous. Mr. Pinner's success was less marked, for his rendering of the Chopin Etudes was very weak and purposeless. He did better with an Air and variations by Tschalkowsky, although it is a hopelessly tedious and entirely uninteresting composition. The Raff Trio—a most charming work—was capitally played, Mr. Arnold giving his valuable assistance and most excellent execution. Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" was again given to a patient public on Saturday evening, April 3. The house was crowded, the orchestra performance admirable, the chorus work very efficient and creditable, and Dr. Damrosch has every reason to be satisfied with the success which has crowned his efforts. It must have been a most colossal task to drill the large chorus so that the *unsingable* music could be sung at all. Of the work itself one can say truly that the orchestration is superb; as for the musical ideas they are (to my mind) chaotic, turgid, utterly unpleasant.

ARGUS.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 5.—The course of music for the past season in this city, like that of true love, has not run smoothly. Firstly, Max Strakosch disappointed the public by his grandiloquent announcements, which had more froth than beer in them, put his weakest artists forward at first, disgusted the people, who consequently, but very universally, absented themselves from after performances that were well worthy of generous support. Suffice it to say the season was a most disastrous one, and Mr. Strakosch has not returned to us yet.

Next Maurice Grau came along in a *veni-vidi-vici* humor with his French company. The stunning beauty of Angèle, the piquant manner of the petite Marie, the grace of the handsome tenor Capoul, the dramatic talent of other members of the company, all sank into nothingness in the eyes of the public. Opera Bouffe had seen its day, and it could not be resurrected by Mr. Grau with his augmented prices of seats. This has been a stumbling-block to other managers. Strakosch succumbed to it, so did Mapleson, of whom I come to speak now. The latter gentleman's failure was, if anything, yet more ruinous than his predecessor's. The good orchestra, the large chorus, the excellent consequent ensemble, failed to arouse the public which wanted to hear great artists, and they were not present. There is a great deal to be thought and said on this subject, but it will take a big book to hold it; for it comprehends the question as to the position future opera is to maintain in the great republic. — *Per contra*, the local concerts, I mean those of resident musicians, have been supported with more than usual liberality, which they fully merited by their improved character.

Carl Gaertner's series of three soirées in the Foyer of the Academy of Music, were the best we have had for many long years, and it is pleasant to be able to record the public appreciation and support. The performance of Beethoven's Grand Septet was so admirable that the subscribers and the press insisted on its repetition. Charles H. Jarvis has just completed his series of six soirées, which have been better attended than in any former year. Some of the best piano-forte-music, ancient and modern, has been heard from the concert-giver in his masterly style, and quartets and quintets, notably the Mozart Clarinet Quintet, have been rendered with superior skill and taste. Messrs. Stoll and Kauffman, have also given a series, not closed yet, of vocal and instrumental classical music, much to the delight of a large number of music-friends. These concerts, as well as Mr. Jarvis's, are given in the lecture-room of the Academy of Fine Arts.

A few of the theatres have done opera—so called, in a various manner so to speak, and almost always with indifferent success. Some of these performances have been beneath criticism, and not entitled to support from the public. In oratorio, the Cecilian Society has done itself credit by the production of Handel's *Samson*, and Haydn's *Creation*, both of which were sung by the chorus of the society; but the solo vocalists were freely criticized, more among accomplished amateurs than by the press, which was amiable to a fault. The Mendelssohn Club under Mr. W. L. Gilchrist, has done some good work this season, and they have a large public at their back, for St. George's Hall is always crowded when they sing their delightful programme of choruses, motets, cantatas, etc.

BALTIMORE, APRIL 5.—The sixth Peabody Symphony Concert was given on Saturday evening with the following programme:—

a. Ocean Symphony, C Major. *Anton Rubinstein.*
 b. Songs, with piano:
 The dew-drop. Work 33. No. 2.
 Spring-song. Work 32. No. 1.
 When I see thee draw near. Work 27.
 Mr. Theodore J. Toedt.
 Piano Compositions: *Fr. Chopin.*
 Prelude, D flat major. Work 28. No. 15.
 Nocturne, D flat major. Work 27. No. 2.
 Polonaise, A flat major. No. 6. Work 53.
 Madame Teresa Carreno.
 Norwegian Rhapsody, B Minor. No. 1.
 Work 17. *Johan S. Svendsen.*

Mr. Theodore Toedt, who comes from Washington, and who is new here, sings with much taste and sentiment, and although the possessor of comparatively little voice, created great enthusiasm by the admirable manner in which he used it.

In response to a recall, he gave Rubinstein's "Du bist wie eine Blume," with a better understanding, and with greater effect than any other singer your correspondent has yet heard here in this much sung selection.

Teresa Carreno showed herself a Chopin performer, *par excellence* by her thoroughly poetic rendering of the *Prelude*, *Nocturne* and *Polonaise*, and exhibited her magnificent technical ability in the difficult Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, of Liszt, which she played with astonishing ease of execution, and with a spirited and powerful conception that could not but carry her listeners with her. C. F.

CHICAGO, March 20.—The quiet season of Lent has had its effect upon our musical entertainments, for there have been very few concerts of late in this city. True, we have had one or two so-called "popular concerts," in which the sensational element has been the actuating influence. Among these one may class the Remenyi Concerts, which have recently taken place at Central Music Hall. Music as an art commands much more respect and support in the West, than may be supposed by the cultured people of the older Eastern cities; and yet, musical progress is not a little hindered by a sensationalism kept alive by managers, who view all there is in art from its commercial side. Thus we have, what may be termed, with much justice, the musical speculator, who endeavors to bring out for public performance whatever he thinks will attract the lovers of the sensational, and thereby bring him in that harvest of dollars, for which he plans and works. Every announcement made in the behalf of any "popular concert," or musical entertainment, is filled with bombastic statements which deal alone with the superlatives of the language. Thus every singer of any rank whatever, and all performers of even moderate talents, are classed as being the "greatest upon the earth," until our honest English is perverted beyond recognition, and does not contain even a shadow of the truth. It is in these sensational announcements, made by speculating managers, that real art is burlesqued, and re-

ceives for the time being a hindrance; for the people become dissatisfied with promises, which from their very superlative nature can have no fulfillment, and at last, they grow distrustful of even honest efforts made for music by sincere and honest workers. Our musical journals should use their influence against this growing sensationalism, and thus endeavor to keep art upon the foundation of truth, where it alone can flourish. I am led to make these remarks by seeing some of the announcements made in our city of recent concerts. Not long since, Mr. Gilmore's so-called "National Hymn" was the subject matter of a sensational circular, and in a recent programme of a Remenyi concert, the violinist was termed a "Modern Paganini," and "the universally acknowledged greatest violinist of the world." Mr. Gilmore's Hymn sank into a well-earned oblivion after its one performance, and Mr. Remenyi will have his title as "greatest in all the world," until the next violinist of any note is engaged to play in a "popular concert" in our city. That Mr. Remenyi is a good violinist, and a gentleman of talent, I well know, and that he is able to delight an audience his last appearance in this city made plainly manifest. But he should also be so much of an artist as to make modesty one of the elements of his very talent, and suppress the enthusiastic manager who wishes to advertise him in terms that offend both the truth and good taste. I append a programme of one of the concerts:—

- Solo: a. The Enquirer, Schubert.
 b. If, Marti.
 Mr. Decelle.
 Quintet, Schumann.
 The Liesegang String Quartet, and Mme. Teresa Carreno.
 Song, Loreley, Liszt.
 Mrs. Thurston.
 Concerto for violin, Mendelssohn.
 Adagio. Rondo.
 Liesegang String Quartet and E. Remenyi.
 Piano Solo Polonaise in E minor, Liszt.
 Mme. Teresa Carreno.
 Violin Solos.
 a. Nocturne G minor, Chopin.
 b. Barcarole, Schubert.
 c. Valse Noble, Remenyi.
 Edouard Remenyi.
 Andante and Canzonetta, Mendelssohn.
 Liesegang String Quartet,
 Song "Devotion," Schumann.
 Mrs. Thurston.
 Violin Solo: The celebrated Hungarian March
 Rakoczy, Composer unknown.
 With martial introduction for violin, by . . . Remenyi.
 Edouard Remenyi.
 Duet: Una Notte in Venezia, Lucanloni.
 Mrs. Thurston and Mr. Decelle.

There has been an "Amateur Musical Club," started in our city. It consists of a number of talented amateur lady pianists and singers. They have a reunion every two weeks, and give very enjoyable programmes. At the last meeting a very interesting translation from Jean Paul, upon the "Muse of Song," was read before the society. The translation was made by Mr. Edward Freiberger of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. I append the last programme given by this little society, for it is from knowing what our amateurs are doing for music that we realize the condition of art in our city.

- Three Preludes, Nos. 1, 2, 18, Bach.
 Miss Jessie Root.
 L'Addio, Duet, Cirillo.
 Mrs. Knickerbocker and Mr. Gill.
 a. Novelette, Schumann.
 b. Minuet. (Boccherini), Joseffy.
 Miss Allport.
 To Earth May Winds are Bringing, Schumann.
 Violin Obligato by Mr. Lewis.
 Mrs. Clarke, Miss Ward, Miss Harmon.
 Aria from "Carmen," Bizet.
 Mrs. Robert Clarke.
 Rondo, Op. 16, Chopin.
 Miss Van de Venter.
 a. Flower Greeting, Curschman.
 b. "Thou Heaven Blue and Bright," Abt.
 Mrs. Clarke, Miss Ward, Miss Harmon.
 Fantaisie, Op. 27. Two Pianos, Raff.
 Mrs. Barbour, Mrs. Haines.

APRIL 3.—We have had one or two more musical entertainments of importance. The first was the Beethoven Society's concert, which took place March 23. The programme consisted of "Paradise Lost," by Rubinstein; Redemption Hymn, J. C. D. Parker; Aria, "Ah Perfido," Beethoven, Festival Chorus, from "Queen of Sheba," Goldmark. The society had the assistance of Mrs. Stacy, Mrs. Hall, Mr. Knorr, and Mr. Gill, as soloists, and a full orchestra, under the direction of Carl Wolfsohn. A very large and fashionable audience greeted the Society, and in one point of view the concert was a success, for the financial gain

was enough to enable them to more than meet their large expenses. As a composition, Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost" did not interest me as much as I expected. Many of the choruses are rich in effects, and colored by a descriptive orchestration. One number was particularly striking. It was descriptive of the awakening of creative life, the lines running thus:

"All around
 Rose the sound
 Of the strife
 Of life;
 How it rushed
 And roared,
 How it gushed
 And poured,
 All creation with life overflowing."

There are a large number of recitatives for tenor, which at times become a little trying for the listener, as well as exacting upon the singer. They require a tenor with a powerful voice, and good dramatic powers. Mr. Knorr is a gentleman with a sweet but light voice, and although he sang the part with much taste, and expression, there was at times a lack of power, which indicated, not that the singer was at fault, but that his voice was not suited to the music. A dramatic tenor is rather hard to obtain at the present time. Parker's Redemption Hymn was well received by the audience, and the alto solo, which the work contains, was finely sung by Mrs. Hall. The grand Scena and Aria of Beethoven suffered somewhat. Mrs. Stacy has not the voice for such dramatic music. It requires the method and voice of a Pappas to do it justice. To attempt the great things in song is to awaken contrasts; to do them requires powers of a high order. For a voice of a dramatic mould, they are fitting, but when a vocalist allows ambition to carry her beyond her powers, the result must be any thing but satisfying. Yet I must do this lady the justice to say, that she was honored by a recall, and that the critics of our daily press extended to her the compliment of highest praise.

Last Monday evening our old friends, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, gave a concert in this city. The following was the programme:—

- Introduction and Allegro, from the Septet,
 op. 20, arranged by the author for Quintet . . . Beethoven.
 Solo for Flute "On a melody by Abt," Popp.
 William Schade.
 Quartet in A, op. 41 R. Schumann.
 Grand Scene and Aria, "Ah 'fors é lui," from
 La Traviata Verdi.
 Abbie Carrington.
 a. Canzonetta Heimendahl.
 b. Bagatelle Mozart.
 Larghetto, from the Clarinet Quintet Serravallo.
 Fantasie for Violoncello on "Le Desir" Serravallo.
 Frederick Giese.
 English Ballad, "The Flower Girl" Beignani.
 Abbie Carrington.
 Finale from the Septet, op. 20 Beethoven.
 Adagio and Allegro.

The club has changed its membership since its last visit to Chicago, but the familiar faces of Mr. Ryan and Mr. Meisel recalled the old days when this organization was introducing chamber music to Western audiences. Miss Carrington was well received by our concert-goers, and although she did not give us any very trying, or classical selections, proved herself to be a very pleasing singer. The club will return next week, and favor us with two more concerts.

Friday evening the Apollo Club, assisted by the Arion Society of Milwaukee, gave a performance of Max Bruch's "Frithjof." They were assisted by Mr. Remmert, of New York, and Mrs. Elliot. The performance was a fine one. As I gave a full description of the work last year in my letter to the JOURNAL, I will not do more than make a record of the concert at this time.

FLORENCE, ITALY, March 17.—The munificent humanity of the late Prince Demidoff won for his memory a noble monument on the banks of the Arno, wherein expressive statues in white marble commemorate his worth.

This quality of mercy is strained through a sieve of fantastic art into the heart of his kinsman, the actual Prince, who offers for sale at public auction the Palazzo San Donato, with all its contained treasures, one-half the proceeds to go to the relief of the poor of Florence. The palace is within a short drive from the Cascine; is planted in the midst of a vast pleasure-garden with pine and other evergreens, and is filled with costly china, carved furniture, tapestries, vases, and supplemented by extensive galleries of painting and sculpture. I found it rather an exponent of wealth than a palace of art. It was a collection of bric-a-brac,—a magnificent caprice, bizarre, indiscreet, heterogeneous, expensive,—showing neither the outgrowth of a refined personal taste, as a human dwelling should do, nor any touch of that winnowed preciousness which marks the great public galleries of Europe. It is a sop or sponge of a part of the enormous income the Prince receives from his mineral resources in the Ural Mountains.

The story goes that Peter the Great, on his return from Holland, and, filled with a wholesome respect for the mechanic arts, found himself, one day, remote from his capital, and the pistol that he carried not in working

order. The Demidoff of that epoch took the weapon, repaired it on the spot, and returned it to the Tzar, who subsequently recognized the service by the grant of a barren tract in the Ural. The ingenious Prince, finding the land unproductive, sought below the surface, and the result was the development of quarries of malachite, and mines of coal and iron that were practically inexhaustible. Let the yield of these mines, on its transit from the Asian frontier to Paris (the residence of the Prince), suffer what it may from pickings and stealings, still the residuary income is sufficient to answer the call of the costliest and most unexpected whim.

Good God! How it stirs the imagination of one tried by experience of poverty to think what a power for benefit lies sleeping in those Russian mines, if only the owner had faculty and soul enough (benefactor to some extent as he confessedly is), to organize relief, say, for the poor of one European city in the construction, ventilation and warming of houses, the discontinuance of beggary, and stimulus to the lagging industries of the people.

Let us go back to the palace. Among all the art objects I saw but one that I should care to own,—a painting by Terburg, representing a Dutch burgher in a suit of black, with pointed hat. The father of the present Prince married a grand-niece of Napoleon; and perhaps the most interesting group of objects was a series of portrait busts in marble of the Bonaparte family. There was the old lioness, Letitia, and all her whelps, male and female, with their handsome, unscrupulous faces,—Lucien, Joseph, Jerome, Pauline, Caroline, Napoleon, Louis. The best as well as the plainest, was that of Louis, King of Holland. I lingered about this head and found it a study of peculiar interest; there were the small protrusive eyes, the large, loosely-modelled nose, and other features of Louis Napoleon, but blended into a kindlier look than sat upon the stolid face of the last usurper of the throne of France. So striking was the resemblance as to afford a physiological and artistic proof of the legitimacy of the "nephew of his uncle," cleansing from stain the name of his mother, and blowing a certain Dutch admiral of ill-repute clean out of water. Let "Napoleon the Little," then, be accorded the small praise of consanguinity with Napoleon the Great, or, in the scornful phrase of Victor Hugo, "Toi, son singe, marche derrière, Petit, petit." There is Josephine with her quaint creole features, small arched faces at the shoulder, and voluptuous bust. And there the *bourgeoise* head of Maria Louise beside the bust of her son, with his thin face, abundant hair, and speculative, ineffectual forehead.

But if the architecture of this extensive pile is incongruous, and the art within as a whole at once costly and meretricious, the conservatory of plants wins unqualified admiration,—enormous palms, cacti in magnificent flower, and every variety of native and exotic growth flourished within the glazed domes,—the long labyrinth and fountain-freshened recesses of the vast pavilion, a zone of perpetual summer filled with wafts of fragrance, and penetrated with fiery balms, while the keen winds of March were blowing outside.

Everything is offered for sale, while a report is also current that the palace itself may be reserved as an asylum for the Tzar, should he escape explosion and be forced to flee from the scenes of his familiar despotism.

The musical event of the season is the production, for the first time in Florence, of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the grand choral hymn. The credit of this achievement is entirely due to Sig. Jette Sbolci, director of the Florentine Orchestral Society, a gentleman who unites an Italian virtuosity with a quiet, masterful personal magnetism that is more frequently found in the people of the North. He has endeavored in former years to introduce Beethoven to an Italian audience, but with only partial success. At one concert, last year, I saw with mingled delight and disgust, that the Andante movement of the Fifth was included in the list of pieces. There it stood in the programme torn from its relation to the remainder of the Symphony, preceded by something from Spontini, and followed by an aria by some thin soprano.

Was it owing to a maturer and more intimate feeling of the grandeur of the work that I enjoyed the hymn even more than in the old Odeon days in Boston, of sacred and rapturous memory. The suspended intervals of the hymn were filled with "ravishing division" by the orchestra, until the chorus, strengthened by repression, resumed the theme, and rolled upwards a thrilling and victorious tide of song.

The orchestration of the Symphony began and proceeded with commendable precision, under the sentient and commanding baton of the director, "The music yearning like a god in pain" until it burst into that triumphant Hymn to Joy, which is yet so deep as to search out and draw from the very source of tears.

I should judge one half of the audience to be Italians. It was curious to watch the effect of this music on their susceptible organization. They seemed to be listening to moving eloquence in a foreign tongue only half understood, but growing clearer to their apprehension every moment. There sat near me a lady with light-olive skin, lustrous eyes, and aquiline nose, an Italian of the Italians. She wore huge claw-hammer ear-rings that swung in cyclopean curves as her head bent and swayed to the music. The charm of this grand music was cumulative, and included all the house. At the close the audience rose *en masse* and greeted the performers with wild plaudits. Sbolci bowed his acknowledgments gravely. The columns of the newspapers on the following day kindled and corroborated with superlative appreciation, and Beethoven was domesticated in Florence.

ORO.

